

Nice Trimming

It is interesting to watch a great revival effort like the one recently inaugurated in the city of Brooklyn. Nearly all the ministers of the town, even including, we believe, one Catholic priest, have joined hands to save the city, and large congregations listen every day to fervent sermons. Whatever we may think of the methods pursued or the doctrines preached, every right minded man sincerely hopes that much good will be done, that by any and all means the Gospel will be proclaimed, that sinners will be converted and church members reformed. Meetings of this kind often clear the moral atmosphere, at least for a time, and we cannot deny that anything which subtracts from the sum total of wickedness, in any community, which knocks off at least some of the roughest knots of sin, is a benefit and a blessing more or less. There are doubtless still to be found those who are casting out devils, tho they follow not with us. That the Lord uses men sometimes whose doctrines are not sound argues simply His sovereignty, and not the approval of the erroneous doctrine. Take for instance as an illustration the Rev. Arthur T. Pierson. He is an evangelist of known and approved consideration and power. His ministry has had the seal of great success in saving souls. Nevertheless he is not above doing a little nice trimming when circumstances seem to call for it, as for example in his remarks on Peter's pentecostal sermon. He told his audience that Peter meant that they should repent, and be baptized spiritually. That he meant the qualification to apply to baptism alone is doubtless apparent, because this is the only ground of common agreement on the subject of baptism. All sects agree that the baptism must *also* be spiritual, but some insist that baptism must *also* be necessarily external, using the elements of water. Pierson put the subject so that the latter is neither affirmed nor denied, and so he sails his evangelistic boat past all the rocks. Tact may not be more mighty than truth, but it takes a lot of it to run a union revival meeting. Even Pierson's fine hand has not been able to save the Brooklyn meeting from two splits already, all of which is a great pity, it makes no difference from what point of view we look at it. While the church is squabbling over her little differences, the great procession of the unsaved marches steadily on, and steadily down, into the shadows and the darkness.

The Time Is Ripe

The closing years of the nineteenth century should mark the grandest triumphs for the cause of temperance ever attained in the history of this righteous warfare against the demon of the liquor traffic. We believe with Dr. Cuyler when he says: "The time is ripe

for a new campaign in opposition to the evil that is cursing more homes and destroying more souls than any other in the country. The cradle of temperance reform was in the church of Christ, and all of its most effective triumphs have been wrought by moral power, whether that power was exerted to diminishing the drinking custom or dealing blows for the suppression of the dram shops. An appeal is now made to the churches to open a fresh warfare against the bottle, whether it is found in the social circle, on the household board, or upon the counter of the saloon." True, every word of it, and we wish the power was ours to make these words sink deep down into the heart of every lover of the cause of righteousness and purity. The church of the living God must lead this the greatest of all moral reforms and wisely direct its forces against the greatest curse of this or any other century. It is the Lord's temperance army whose commander in chief is the Lord Jesus Christ, and when once every soldier in this army proves himself as loyal and as true and as heroic as the American soldier did on Cuban soil or in the far away Manila Bay, then will this army triumph over the most formidable foe of the human race, the liquor power, and not four million slaves, not Cuba alone, not any single nation, but the *world* will sing the song of deliverance. Where is the Hobson in the Christian church who will sink a "Merrimac," and where is the Dewey, or Schley, or Sampson, or the "Rough Rider" who will dare strike the fatal blow that will put an end to this awful iniquity? The church of Christ is responsible for the conduct of this campaign, and woe to him who will turn traitor in this hour of need. What a mighty army the church of Christ would be if every member were loyal and true to the cause which he has espoused! May God raise up a mighty man of valor who will lead this army triumphantly against the gigantic power of the liquor traffic.

One Kind of a Preacher

A California preacher announced last week to his congregation that he had retired from the ministry. He said: "I believe in dancing and a long list of other things that are tabooed by church goers when indulged in by ministers. If a man needs a drink, he has the right to take it.

"When I meet a man on the street I like to slap him on the back and say, 'Hello there, Bill,' in a good hearty voice. I believe in God and Christianity, but the church is full of sinful hypocrites, and some of my friends who might be called 'lushers' are infinitely better than these frauds of piety.

"The ministry is no place for a young man who wants personal liberty."

They say that it takes all kinds of people to make a world, and if the principle has a

general application, we might say that it takes at least several varieties to populate that particular locality where the temperature is abnormally high, and the company by no means select. Young men who follow the lead of this California preacher will have 'lushers' for bosom friends, take a drink when they feel like it, trip the light fantastic toe, and do a long string of other things not particularized. We suppose that these "other things" are of a character which the average newspaper man declines to put in print. They are the things which are erased from expurgated copy. Whatever they are, they are a "long list," too numerous to mention, and too unsavory doubtless to describe. The parson did well to resign. It takes a very versatile and gifted genius to be presentable in the pulpit after traveling several miles of sewer.

Now it just takes this kind of an insupportable cad to yell "pious fraud," "hypocrite," at decent people who believe that it is their duty to "avoid all appearance of evil." Bah! We are unable to do the subject justice. A sense of intolerable disgust makes it impossible to treat this callow bumpkin with even the smallest consideration which a boundless charity might impose upon the most indulgent criticism.

The Charity Ball

In the midst of the last great blizzard, which brought so much suffering to the destitute poor of New York, and also doubtless of other cities, the wealth and fashion of the metropolis held their annual charity ball, the proceeds of which go direct to the poor. This year, owing doubtless to the unexampled prosperity of the wealthier classes, by which vast fortunes have been squeezed in indirect ways from the multitudes who alone create wealth, a prosperity which has during the last year doubled incomes on every side, the cash proceeds of the ball were very large, amounting to \$14,000. This is truly a large sum which the pleasure of millionaires contributes to the misery of their victims, and so far as it goes will by so much hold off despair, and that grim shadow just beyond. Now don't begin to say within yourself that we are anarchists, for we are no more anarchist, than was Jesus who said to one millionaire, "Go, sell all thou hast and give to the poor;" and to another, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose shall all these things be?" and of another, "And in hell he lifted up his eyes." Between the hundreds of fashionable people at the charity ball, whose very ornaments cost millions of dollars, and the perishing, starving and freezing poor of the east side that night, there is a gulf which no paltry \$14,000 can fill up. In that gulf is buried humanity, brotherly love, religion,